

Property involved includes the Stock Exchange Building, the Imperial Theatre and the building owned by the

GUARD DOUBLED TO PREVENT EFFORT TO FREE NIGHT RIDERS

Sheriff Increases Force at New Madrid Jail and Court Permits Witnesses Who Get Threats to Carry Arms — Editor Warned Not to Testify.

STORY OF INSIDE WORKINGS OF BAND

Will Cunningham, Who Turned State's Evidence, Tells How Gideon Leader Planned to Overthrow Local Government.

By a Staff Correspondent of the Post-Dispatch.

NEW MADRID, Mo., Jan. 22.—The guard around the jail here has been doubled by Sheriff Kline because of warnings that force will be used in freeing the defendants now on trial as night riders.

It is known that many dissatisfied workmen and small farm owners who spread a campaign of terror through lower New Madrid County are still at large and eager to avenge the night riders under indictment.

Judge McCarthy today gave special permission to several witnesses to carry firearms, after they had shown him threatening letters they had received. One witness, an editor, received a letter which threatened to "blow him to hell" if he testified against the night riders.

With the cases of George and Dan Ryan still in the hands of a jury, the trial of Noah Wilhoit was begun today. He is accused of taking part in the assault on A. R. Atkinson, Nov. 21.

Thomas Drury, 18 years old, one of the indicted men, appeared before Judge McCarthy today and offered to plead guilty. Drury is a typical young farmhand of the district.

"Were you in the gang that assaulted Atkinson and attacked detectives Nov. 21?" asked the judge.

"No, boss, I was not," replied Drury. "I got in the gang because they promised my wages would be raised. I thought I had to stick by them. They threatened to whip me because I didn't go to the meetings. And they didn't raise my wages, neither."

"You don't permit you to plead guilty and I'll see that you get a fair trial," said Judge McCarthy. The judge then instructed Wright A. Pierce, chief counsel for the defense to see that Drury was properly defended.

Drury had told the court he was willing to take a two-year sentence because he feared that if he went to trial the jury would fix his penalty at five years.

Judge McCarthy has received several threatening letters, but says he is not afraid. He has refused to accept body guard, but he is being closely watched by men detailed by the Sheriff.

Tells of Band's Workings.

Will Cunningham, a night rider who turned State's evidence, today told a Post-Dispatch correspondent how night riders planned to get control of the local government by winning the elections, and when this seemed impossible, to overthrow the officials by force and start a government of their own.

Cunningham, who was known locally as Edward Miller, testified yesterday that the Marshal of Gideon had been ordered shot at that place had been held to "shoot up" the town. He told his story in more detail today.

"Last March two men came to my room in Gideon and invited me to join what they said was a brotherhood of workmen," Cunningham said today. "They told me the brotherhood was organized to better the conditions of workmen. They told me I could make more money at it than hanging trade if I joined. I agreed to."

"A week or so later, in the dark of the moon, they took me two miles out of town for the initiation. We came to a little clearing surrounded by undergrowth. It was awfully dark. Three torches were lit and my right hand raised as I took an oath to always obey my captain and never reveal the orders of the band. Remember, the Captain said, 'If you don't attend meetings you will be killed—and if you turn against us, well, dead men tell no tales.' We are going to open your eyes to a few things."

Three Bands Organized.

"Just as I finished taking the oath, 20 or 30 men came running from the undergrowth where they had been hiding. They were members and threw up their hats and said I was in good. That was my first meeting. Once a week, for several months we went out there in the dark and held social gatherings. Most of the men were Socialists, and some of them handed around socialist papers. Very members joined and three other bands were organized—one at Clarkton, one at Peach Orchard and one at Tallpines. Each had its captain, and Mike Miskel, our Captain, became the chief."

Miskel was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary for assault on Wednesday.

"Miskel began running things like a General when we got about 300 members," Cunningham continued. "He gave us a pass-word, 'Jerusalem,' and a counter-signal. Then he assessed each member 25 cents a month to lay aside to pay for lawyers if we got in trouble."

"A lot of young boys under 21 joined, mostly out of love of excitement, and there was plenty of it in those midnight meetings. Some did not obey their captains and got killed for it with a threat of hanging if they did not change their ways."

"Miskel, who came from the Kentucky night riding region, began to talk about running the southeast portion of New Madrid County to suit himself. The firm of Gideon and Anderson and their ways didn't suit him. They employ about 30 men in Gideon in their stove, saw, band and planing mills, and about 100 men on farm lands they control. The night riders make about \$100 a day."

"Newton Anderson, who runs the firm, always played square with these men, and even worked them at a loss part of last year, but they couldn't understand that. Miskel said the laborers ought to get more money. He said the thing to do was to get control of the government and run things."

"If we could get enough votes we could do it and even send a man to the Legislature. But he saw that would take too much time so he decided on the revolution. About this time I decided that was no place for a master paper hanger. I wanted to get out. I told my boss, J. W. French, about these things. He said to stay in the order, tell him all that happened and he would keep the county officers posted so I stuck. Then Miskel made his plans to overthrow things."

Move Meeting Place.

"To keep from being caught we moved our meeting place further out from town and met only at midnight. Miskel said the first man to kill was Hase Langley, the Gideon Marshal. He put a detachment of men armed with shotguns in a cornfield near Hase's house one night with orders to shoot him when he came home. But Miskel was no fool. In order that the town folks wouldn't know exactly what happened, he stationed two more bands of men on the other side of town. When they heard the shots that were to kill Hase they were to fire off their guns and make folks think a fight was going on over there. This was to give the men who killed the Marshal time to get away. The gangs kept the watch all night, but I had told French of the plans and of course Hase didn't go by the cornfield that night."

"They tried twice more, but failed in the second way. Another night it was raining and the gangs didn't go out for fear their footprints would show. Miskel, who had a kind of inner circle of advisors, then decided to kill Anderson. They planned to call him to his door at midnight, take him out and then fix him. A gang was to be stationed at each side of the house with orders to dynamite the house if he didn't come out and the men who didn't obey the leader was threatened with death."

"I went to Miskel and told him some one had told the plans and that I had heard that Anderson was going to have a band of detectives on hand to shoot us up. That changed Miskel. But it didn't stop him. He had underwritten a lot of landowners, threatening to kill them if they didn't pay more money to the laborers. This made Dr. Cook, a Gideon physician, Sam Motley, a storekeeper, and Superintendent Phillips of the county jail mad."

"They said night riding ought to be stopped right away, so Miskel decided to blow them up with dynamite, but couldn't quite make his arrangements. Of course I had told French all of this and the men were on the watch. Sunday night after Thanksgiving I heard that the Gideon band was sore because nothing had come of their plans. I went to see Will Greenman, one of the members. He was not at home, but his wife said he had gone out on the Frisco track to organize a crowd to 'shoot up' the town. I started walking the track toward Tallpines to see if I could stop him, but two miles out a crowd of men jumped out of the bushes by the track with shotguns at their shoulders. I gave the salute and they passed me. Half a mile further up I found a dozen more all with masks on their faces. Some of these masks were made by cutting up the top of a rubber boot and slipping it over the head. They told me they were going down to 'shoot' out of Gideon and then were going to walk over to Clarkton and do the same thing."

"I scared them up by saying that the Marshal had an armed band at Gideon waiting for them and that I had come out to warn them. They got mad and cursed a lot. Pretty soon more masked men carrying shotguns and pistols came from the woods. They got mad too when I told them, but they finally decided to postpone the shooting."

"Two or three weeks before they had beat up M. R. Atkinson because he wouldn't pay more than \$4 an acre to have his land cleared. Things were getting too hot for a master paper hanger and I decided to clear out. Besides they hadn't helped me to get higher wages."

Missouri Film Star Who Asks Freedom From Husband



LILLIAN LORRAINE, MOVIE ACTRESS, SUES FOR DIVORCE

Once Popular Missouri U. Student Charges Husband With Nonsupport.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Jan. 22.—Mrs. Lillian Lorraine, formerly Miss Lorraine Crider, yesterday filed suit for divorce against J. C. Henderson, an insurance salesman. The petition charges nonsupport.

Mrs. Henderson was one of the most popular students at the University of Missouri five years ago, and is now a motion picture star with a studio in Chicago.

The Hendersons were married in June, 1913, and separated in January, 1915, the petition recites.

Mrs. Henderson has been known to the stage world as Lillian Lorraine. She is the daughter of Samuel P. Crider, a breakfast commission man of 1200 Linwood boulevard.

Busy Bee Bakery Special.

Strawberry Butter Loaf Coffee Cake, 10c. Suits little more, but great deal better.

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"They tried twice more, but failed in the second way. Another night it was raining and the gangs didn't go out for fear their footprints would show. Miskel, who had a kind of inner circle of advisors, then decided to kill Anderson. They planned to call him to his door at midnight, take him out and then fix him. A gang was to be stationed at each side of the house with orders to dynamite the house if he didn't come out and the men who didn't obey the leader was threatened with death."

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MYSTERIOUS FIRE IN HOLD, SHIP PUTS BACK TO NEW YORK

Steamer Was Carrying Structural Iron and Steel Car Parts to Archangel.

NO EXPLOSION HEARD

Vessel Will Be Docked and Thorough Investigation Made of Blaze.

By Associated Press.

NEW YORK, Jan. 22.—Mystery surrounds the fire which forced the Norwegian freight steamer *Synga* to put back to this port today after having sailed yesterday for Archangel with a large cargo consigned to the Russian Government. The fire broke out on the freight hold of the steamer, which was carrying a large cargo of structural iron and steel car parts to Archangel.

Officers and members of the freight crew said that so far as they knew, no explosion preceded the fire, but they were unable to offer an explanation of how the blaze originated in a hold which they said contained only structural steel and railway material. When asked if there was evidence indicating the fire had been of incendiary origin, the officers said that it was "too soon to make an investigation," and declined to comment upon the unusual features of the blaze.

Captain and Crew Mystified.

Members of the *Synga's* crew who covered the hatch of the forehold yesterday, said there was no indication of fire when the freighter sailed, and that it was early yesterday evening before one of the watch saw smoke creeping from around the hatch. The cover was hurriedly taken off and while no flames could be seen a great quantity of smoke rose from the hold. The captain and officers were mystified concerning the origin of the blaze and it was decided to put back to once.

Owing to the tightly packed mass of steel bench decks the crew of the freight boat found difficulty in fighting the blaze and in attempting to enter the hold it was impossible to locate the center of the fire or to learn the nature of the material that was burning, and for this reason the freighter continued to pour steam into the hold for several hours.

Will Be Thoroughly Examined.

The *Synga* will be docked, partly unloaded, and thoroughly examined, to determine the cause of the blaze. Steel rails and various forms of structural steel were said to be in the bottom of the forehold, while on top of this material was a large amount of railway supplies, chiefly steel car parts for assembling in Russia. It could not be learned whether the vessel had any munitions aboard.

The fire on the *Synga* is the latest of a long series of fires and explosions which have occurred on vessels shortly after they sailed from this and other American ports with munitions or supplies for the allies. In numerous cases it has been found that the fires were caused by incendiary bombs or fuses, but several cases have gone unexplained, at least so far as the public has been concerned.

CITY HOSPITAL PATIENT BEATEN.

James Lacey, an attendant in the infirmary ward at the city hospital, was discharged by Supt. Pringle today, after admitting that he had beaten Ira Crist, a patient in the ward last night. Crist was taken to the hospital from Page and Walton avenues.

Another patient told Supt. Pringle that he saw Lacey strike Crist several times because Crist refused to put on hospital pajamas. Lacey said he struck Crist because he refused to remain in bed.



Here's some advice my granddaddy gave:

"My boy," he said, "you'll find this true:

You OWN the dollars you can save;

The ones you have to spend own YOU."

A Mississippi Valley Account is the safe place for savings.

Twenty-five years in business, thousands of satisfied depositors, Eight Million Dollars Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits.

Mississippi Valley Trust Co. FOURTH and PINE

BRANDRETH PILLS

Indigestion, Biliousness, etc.

OR at Night

BRANDRETH PILLS

FLORIAN DE DONATO LED GAY BOHEMIAN LIFE, WIFE ASSERTS

Divorce Petition Says He Frequent Cafes With Other Women.

Jesse Marie De Donato of 487A Berlin avenue today filed a divorce suit against Florian De Donato of 483A Maryland avenue. They were married Dec. 1, 1904, and separated April 4, 1915.

In her petition Mrs. De Donato says her husband "lived the life of a gay Bohemian;" that he squandered his earnings, and left her at home alone while he frequented cafes with other women whom "he paraded as his wife." She also alleges that a woman living at the American Hotel Annex is known to many persons as "Mrs. Florian De Donato."

Mrs. De Donato asks the custody of the children, Edward, 10 years old, and Marie Louise, 2.

PROMISED JOB; ROBBED OF \$39

Man Told of Being Held Up in Tunnel at Meramec Highlands.

St. Louis County authorities are looking for a highway robber who held up a man and robbed him of \$39 at the Meramec Highlands tunnel, Thursday night. The story of the robbery was told to Justice Johnson of Meramec Highlands by the man, whose name he has forgotten.

He asserted he met a man at Fifteenth and Market streets, St. Louis, who offered to "employ him in the country." They went to the Highlands and walked through the tunnel. As they neared the western end, the man thrust a revolver in front of his face and took the \$39 and compelled him to go down a steep hill without looking around, on penalty of being shot.

Office for John L. Mesamore.

CHICAGO, Jan. 22.—The Council of Grain Exchanges yesterday elected John L. Mesamore of St. Louis, president, and voted to return to Chicago for next year's convention.

Marriage and Divorce Laws.

The enactments of all the states on these vital subjects will be found in the 1916 World and Post-Dispatch Almanac and Encyclopedia, now on sale at the Post-Dispatch counter. Price 50c, by mail, 55c.

Break in Imperial Valley Irrigation System Repaired.

YUMA, Ariz., Jan. 22.—Both the Salt and Gila rivers are falling. A break in the Imperial Valley irrigation system at Hanlon Hiding was repaired before any material damage was done.

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COUPLE WHO ELOPED IN AUGUST START ON SECRET HONEYMOON



MRS. EMMA GOODENOUGH.

After writing a note to her mother telling her that she had been married Aug. 16, last, to Elmer Goodenough and that she was going on her honeymoon, Mrs. Emma Goodenough left her home last Thursday and her parents have not learned where she is.

Mrs. Goodenough was Miss Emma Holthaus, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elmo G. Holthaus of 4004A Shepleydon avenue. She is 21 years old and was graduated last June from Yeaman High School. Goodenough is 24 years old and both have been living with their parents since the marriage.

Mrs. Holthaus said she had no objection to the marriage but said her daughter was a good vocalist and probably would not now spend her time at her profession. Mrs. Goodenough is a soloist at St. Mark's Lutheran Church, Bell and Cardinal avenues.

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Union Electric Light and Power Co.
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ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

Founded by JOSEPH PULITZER, Dec. 12, 1878.
Published by the Pulitzer Publishing Co.
210-212 N. Broadway.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY MAIL IN ADVANCE
Daily and Sunday, one year, \$10.00
Daily only, one year, \$7.00
Sunday only, one year, \$3.00
By carrier in St. Louis and suburbs, per
month, 35 cents; by mail, 40 cents.
Single copies, 10 cents.
Entered as second-class, Jan. 12, 1879.
Postpaid at St. Louis, Mo., as second-class
matter.

THE POST-DISPATCH PLATFORM.

I know that my retirement will make no difference in its cardinal principles, that it will always fight for progress and reform, never tolerate injustice or corruption, always fight demagogues of all parties, never belong to any party, always oppose privileged classes and public plunderers, never lack sympathy with the poor, always remain devoted to the public welfare, never be satisfied with merely printing news, always be drastically independent, never be afraid to attack wrong, whether by predatory plutocracy or predatory poverty.

JOSEPH PULITZER.

April 10, 1907.

Post-Dispatch

Circulation

Average for the
Year 1915:

Sunday 349,828
Only
Daily 202,743
Average

Equalled Only by
FOUR SUNDAY Newspapers
in the UNITED STATES

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Discourtesy to Chubb.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
I notice the manner in which the papers are letting loose on Mr. Chubb, and I don't think it shows the proper spirit in challenging a leading spiritual and ethical authority, who is trying to promote the lofty quality of our civic and educational work.

I had the honor of being one of Mr. Chubb's auditors during his discourse on the "fifty newspapers" and never was there a subject more fairly, fearlessly and courteously handled, and the manner in which the newspapers are coming back at him borders on scoffing.

St. Louis is reputed a center of culture and refinement. It is proud of its educational institutions, and Mr. Chubb's only aim is to get a more extensive co-operation of the dailies with these institutions, and to expedite the work of civic progress more fully.

The shortcomings of the papers as Mr. Chubb pointed them out are facts, and any man coming to the front as he did must be truly animated by the spirit of "Forward St. Louis!" and deserves to be conscientiously acknowledged as an authority and as an example—not scoffed at.

The Post-Dispatch is, perhaps, the only daily that has shown the right professional courtesy in meeting Mr. Chubb on this matter.

J. W. HEINING.

The Explosive Fuse Box.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
The following sign I would suggest that you publish in your valuable medium, as it may be the means of the United Railways Co. remedying this evil. If it can co-operate in any way to help them, I will take pleasure in doing so, as I notice it pertains to co-operation. The sign is as follows:

IF YOU VALUE YOUR NERVES, PLEASE
DON'T SIT NEAR THE FUSE BOX.
It means the box that "shoots off" up in the front of the car, near the motorman.
A VICTIM OF THE "BOX" THIS MORNING.

Too Many Uniforms.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
I am a probationary police officer of this city and have been so for two and one-half years at a salary of \$48 per month. I am married and have a family and, of course, some expense. Since I have been with the department I have bought one winter uniform and two caps, \$47.45; two summer uniforms, \$14.90 each; two caps, \$1.50 each, and one pair winter trousers, \$4.70, total \$77.15. Last summer I bought a new summer uniform. Last evening we were told that every man in the department would have to buy a new summer suit, meaning a loss of the one I bought last summer. Now I am several months from promotion and it will probably be six months before I get the cap and I think it quite an injustice to the rank and file of the police, for there are numbers in my position. The captains, lieutenants and sergeants have their hats inspected, but the poor cop has to buy two caps a year no matter how good the one he has. Now compare \$65 and \$90, probationary and patrolman, against \$200 and \$175 and \$115, captain, lieutenant and sergeant, and see who gets the best of it.

A PROBATIONARY.

A Discouraged Home Owner.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
After getting the enclosed advice in the Post-Dispatch (to build a home of one's own) I ask, in all sincerity, what encouragement does St. Louis give to her home builders to continue as taxpayers? When I was young my husband built a nice home on Clark avenue. The negro invaded, ruined the value of my home, and made it impossible for us to invite friends to visit us. We built again on Pine street and again were driven forth at a big loss. Again we selected a home site, and built a very fine house on West Belle place. As this was such a beautiful and valuable site, we hoped and believed we were entitled for our old age. My husband died here and left me, as he thought, in a good home. I am now an old lady. My income is small, but adequate if my home were possible to live in. I am now surrounded again, the third time, with negroes, their dogs, and all the hurrah and noise that only that race can create. I am deserted by the friends, as I cannot expect them to visit me here, nor would I invite them. I intend to move again, but will never build in St. Louis again. I am discouraged in some other town and many others are discouraged as I. They will build no more here.

A WIDOW, West Belle Place.

BAD ROADS VS. GOOD ROADS.

The cost of bad roads falls on the individual citizen who is compelled to use them for business, necessity or pleasure.

The individual, whether he be a farmer, gardener, stockraiser or merchant, must bear the expense in time or the wear and tear of horse-flesh and vehicles in using bad roads. If the farmer or gardener or dairyman or stockman cannot get to market at the right time, or has to make two trips on account of bad roads where one on a good road would serve, the loss comes out of his own pocket. The expense of wear and tear on horses, wagons, motor cars, must come out of the owner's pocket. So with the merchant who delivers goods and the professional man or resident who must use the roads.

When good roads are constructed through a bond issue the cost is borne by all the taxpayers.

What profit is there in a farm or garden surrounded by bad roads?

Who would buy a farm or garden surrounded by bad roads?

What profit is there in a store surrounded by bad roads?

Who would invest in a store or income property surrounded by bad roads?

Who would buy a home or land where the roads are bad?

Bad roads make land, produce and merchandise unsaleable. Good roads make land, produce and merchandise saleable at good prices. The better the roads the better the chance for profit.

When a man buys a cow, a horse or a wagon he wants a good one. What profit is there in buying a cow that doesn't give much milk, or a horse that cannot do good work, or a rickety wagon that breaks down when it is needed?

So with roads; the only road worth spending money on is a permanent good road that will stand wear and tear.

The only way to get permanent good roads in the country without prohibitive taxes is through a bond issue. It gives the best roads for the least money. It reduces maintenance cost. The expense is so distributed that it falls lightly on the taxpayers.

Intelligent county residents, who study the question, will support the bond issue. Its defeat would be a calamity.

GOVERNMENTAL ENCOURAGEMENT.

After dining with 25 millionaires and multimillionaires in Philadelphia, Col. Roosevelt made a speech advocating "governmental encouragement" of munitions plants:

The existing plants should be encouraged in every legitimate way, and provision made to encourage this continuance after the war.

And in this connection he remarked: "And all those who encourage them should be treated accordingly."

No doubt they will treat him accordingly when he passes his campaign hat.

FORGING THE IRON RING.

Our war had its coffee coolers. Because they were little esteemed is no reason for disparaging the tea-servers of the present war. Harry Lehr, former cotton leader of New York and Newport, is one of them. After he went over to help France out in her hour of peril, it was uncertain for a while just what Harry could do to be useful. After some experimenting near the front he fell naturally into his place serving tea at a function given once a week by the American ambulance organization in Paris.

Helping to close the iron ring about Germany by pouring and handing around tea one afternoon a week attests the perfection of the mobilization of all forces and resources in behalf of the allies' cause. Aren't there men high up in the allies' military organization who are doing nothing more robust?

HONEST BRIGHAM.

It is gratifying to have from Bishop Tuttle that Brigham Young was honest. Brigham, according to the Bishop, gathered \$3,000,000 this way: He was trustee of the tithes which the faithful were required to pay. They were paid in hay, grain and produce, and Brigham, as trustee, sold the hay, grain and produce at exorbitant prices to persons crossing the continent. He turned over to the church for the produce a fair price, fixed by himself, and kept for himself the money exacted from travelers, over and above the value of the goods.

Nothing dishonest about that, the Bishop told a W. T. C. A. audience at the Cabaane Library, Shrewsbury, that's all. Honest Brigham.

JEWISH WAR RELIEF DAY.

Closing on Thursday, designated by the President of the United States as Jewish War Relief Day throughout the country, a special organized effort in behalf of Jewish victims of the war will be made next week in St. Louis, beginning Monday.

Jewish soldiery is fighting in the ranks of all the combatants. In company with each of the other races suffering distress from the war, Jewish families are enduring bereavement, poverty, hunger, cold, disease.

In Eastern and Southeastern Europe, where persons of Jewish blood, congregated in large masses, were subjected to great social and business handicaps in time of peace, resulting in economic submergence, the war has brought conditions so frightful as hardly to be understood in more favored parts of the world.

Nine millions of these unfortunate are said to be condemned by the events of the war to a more deplorable than that of the Belgians, whose sad lot has linked the world in bonds of sympathy.

No other war victims make so moving appeal to neutral generosity. New York, which contributed nearly a million of dollars at one preliminary meeting at which the need was first described.

From the Milwaukee Journal.

They're calling Charlie Fairbanks an artful dodger, but it's a safe guess he won't have to dodge very hard.

MR. WILSON'S WESTERN TRIP.

The revised itinerary of the President's Western trip, which cuts out the speech announced for St. Louis, is a blunder. His farthest west point is Topeka on Feb. 2, and after an evening address at Kansas City on the same date he returns to the capital with no speeches scheduled en route.

St. Louis interest in national defense needs the stimulus which Mr. Wilson's presence, even for only a few hours, would give. We believe he has neglected too many opportunities for meeting the people; that he has been too reserved in making administration plans and motives known directly to the great public from which he holds his commission. Especially is this true of St. Louis, which he has not visited since a date prior to his election.

If diplomatic problems have prevented his mingling as much as he desired with the people in past months, success in adjusting those problems now leaves him greater freedom. His silence on many important matters, which is in contrast with the course of his immediate predecessors in office, has afforded too much scope to misrepresentation.

In St. Louis he would have a chance to address himself to the preparedness indifference of the Middle West. Local branches of the Security League and other organizations here and elsewhere in the Mississippi Valley, which are trying to arouse sentiment for reasonable defense legislation, should have his help now, not later. Those who arranged the itinerary made a mistake.

CASES OF BELGIUM AND GREECE.

Parallels between the German invasion of Belgium and the allies' operations in Greece are drawn. It must be confessed that had the following additional circumstances attended the former, the parallel would have completeness:

If, at the time of the invasion, Belgium, instead of being neutral, had been obligated by formal treaty to assist Germany's ally, Austria-Hungary, in the event of war; if a Premier of notoriously pro-German sympathies had had control of Belgium's destinies; if Belgium had had a King of pro-ally, or at least strong neutral sentiments who on the very issue of co-operating with the Germans, had forced an election and if, as a result of that election, the pro-German Premier had been restored to power by a decisive majority; if, further, while this Premier still represented the attitude of the nation, considerable numbers of German troops had appeared on Belgian soil for war purposes at that Premier's invitation, or at least his tacit consent, and with the co-operation of Belgian authorities.

None of these supposed circumstances existed at the beginning or during the continuance of the invasion of Belgium. The officials of that country refused emphatically to consent to the entrance of German troops, protested against the purpose to enter and opposed them from the first hour of their appearance on Belgian soil with all the strength the nation could command.

But all these supposed circumstances, or rather circumstances of the precisely same quality, did exist when the allied troops appeared on Grecian soil. Furthermore, some undefined treaty rights in the port of Saloniki were possessed by Serbia.

King Constantine may, as he insists, be pro-Grecian rather than pro-German, and desirous only of keeping his country out of the war, but after Saloniki he was too late. There may be some inconsistency in allied action in Greece after allied protests in the case of Belgium. The Grecian issue is, however, too confused to be comparable to the Belgian issue.

TRENCHES AND TENEMENTS.

By Charlotte Rumbold.

The navy has its Naval Strategy Board, the army will soon have its board.

St. Louis has its Peace Strategy Board. It is the City Plan Commission.

Not even the most starry-eyed of all the 57 varieties of pacifists any longer expects to have peace by merely not killing men. Peace is no such simple thing. It is as complex as war and much harder to wage.

This present world war is not the old time, hand-made war in which the personal virtues of courage and patriotism could decide the victory. It is machine-made and organized on the efficiency basis.

The Peace Strategy Board is going to call on the citizens of St. Louis for the peace virtues of charity and self-sacrifice and the war virtues, too. It will enlist the laboratory methods and business systems of science and commerce.

The Peace Strategy Board has in its hands the whole problem of city living—whether life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are to be considered a by-product in the making of beer, shoes and shrapnel, or whether the search for life more abundant is the excuse for the existence of the factories.

Traffic conditions to the Peace Strategy Board are of importance only as they bear on living conditions. Widening Twelfth street north would mean more than letting traffic through in a certain less number of minutes. It would mean letting daylight into one of the worst of the city's slums. Where are the dwellers going?

Housing conditions to the Peace Strategy Board suggest not only the patching laws with which the Health, Fire and Building Departments are trying to mitigate the evils along the levee. They mean the sinister altitudes behind the genteel poverty of those 1870 stone front houses on Washington, Locust and Olive streets from Jefferson to Grand avenues.

The fight for peace is going to be the happiest excitement in life. It is to put every bit of one's self, courage, money, wit, endurance, science into a fight for one's city against a thoroughly entrenched enemy. If the Peace Strategy Board can get to the people of St. Louis what it is trying to do, it will never need conscription to get soldiers for the ranks.

For peace will be as romantic as war.

From the Milwaukee Journal.

They're calling Charlie Fairbanks an artful dodger, but it's a safe guess he won't have to dodge very hard.



THE DINNER BELL.

JUST A MINUTE

Written for the POST-DISPATCH
by Clark McAdams

THE FLIRT.

ONE more I hear, with strange delight,
The tender, pleading whistled call,
From girlish lips—"Bob White, Bob White!"
Then darkness settles over all.

So fair was she—so wondrous fair—
This leopard-lady of my dreams;
Whose smiles were music, soft and rare,
And sweet—as when Italian streams
Break forth in song, and through the air,
O'er Alban hills, the sunlight gleams.

Her hair—a multitude of things
More radiant than tongues may tell—
The raptures, and the visions
Which held the dreamer in a spell—
As when the homing robin brings
The truant Spring, and all is well.

Her eyes were as the sunset glow
Of memory, wherein we see
The beautiful of long ago—
The Eden of man's destiny—
The imagery, which dreamers know,
Is tinged with immortality.

Her hands—her slender, matchless hands,
So warm, of seeming holy fire,
Were all I knew of bonds or bands,
On love's bright island of desire;
When weary of the shifting sands—
The worldly sands of ways that tire.

But ah! her heart was an abode
Of lurid serpents, lithe and lean,
Mesmeric serpents, taught to goad,
With tongues of guile, this fair "Faustine,"
And lure her down the scarlet road
That winds its way to Mithyene.

Carlyle, Ill. OLYDE ADDISON WRIGHT.

IN SIGNS.

On a Spiggoty tin shop at Gorgona, Canal Zone, Panama:

Two Largest Quart Cups on Zone for 5 cent—
tavo—gold.

On a St. Louis wagon:

Plumber Bros.
Bricklayers

Forgetfulness ought to be easy in the Montreal
saloon carrying this sign:

Joe Forget

This sign appeared for a long time over a free
Kinloch phone in the office of a dairy at Compton and
Vista.

Bring your lunch and stay all day

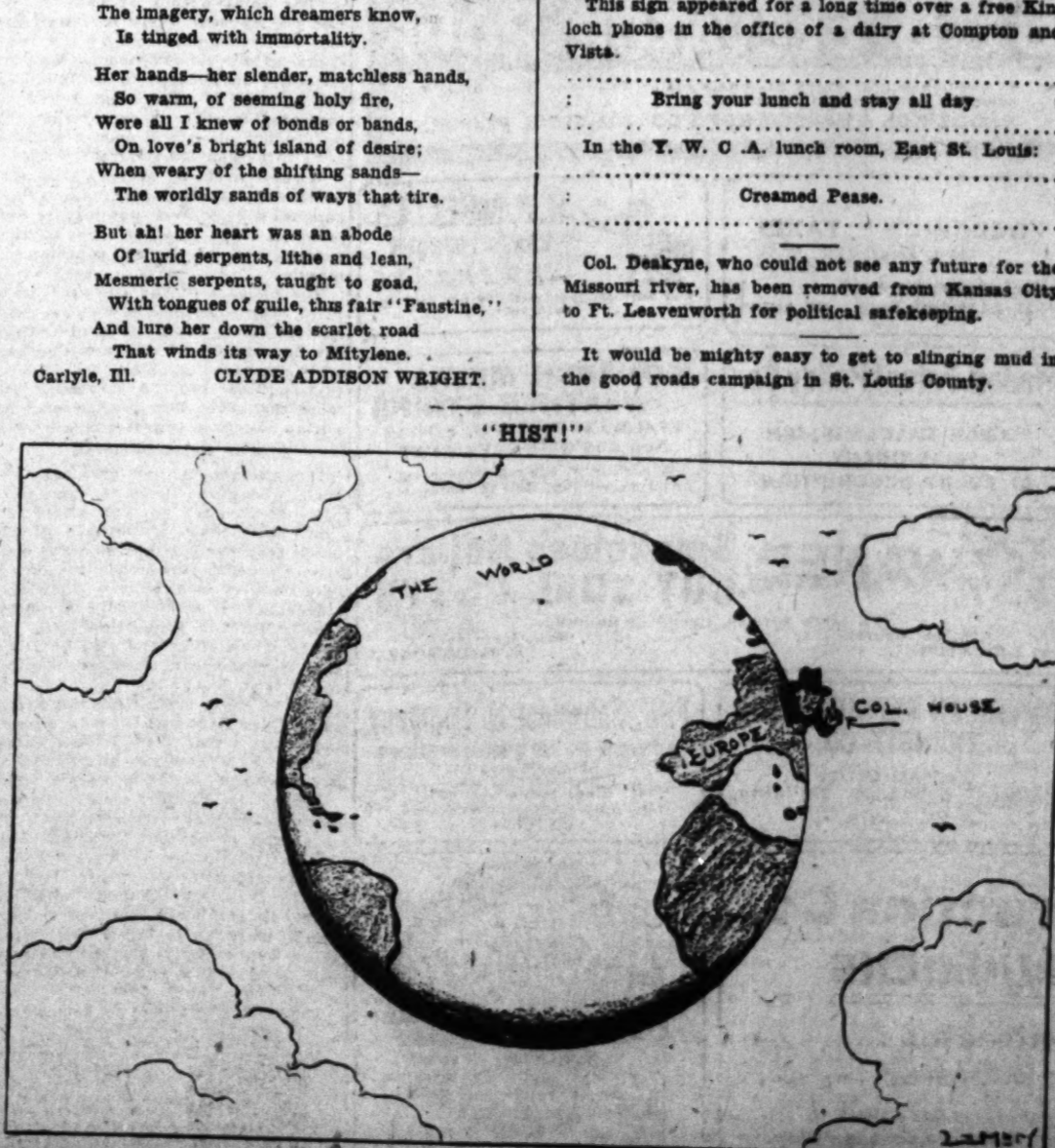
In the T. W. O. A. lunch room, East St. Louis:

Creamed Pease.

Col. Deakins, who could not see any future for the
Missouri river, has been removed from Kansas City
to Ft. Leavenworth for political safekeeping.

It would be mighty easy to get to slinging mud in
the good roads campaign in St. Louis County.

"HIST!"



ANSWERS TO QUERIES

HEALTHY HINTS.

M. I. Q.—Many things could cause the itching. If there is some internal disorder you should see a doctor. Rubbing ointment for the itch.

BROWN.—Goat's milk proved of great value in a case of stomach gas. It was said not to form gas. Butter, cream, prunes, cranberries, eggs, clabber, cucumbers, lab, lettuce, etc., were recommended. One authority advised: No meat of any kind—not even a mouthful. Exercise and fresh air are aids. Keep bowels open. Some are dieted on liquid food alone.

ATTENTIVE READER.—Rheumatism (bed-wetting) is caused by bladder disorder. Turpentine is some cases, but in other. Rubber diaphragm is recommended. It is well to consult specialist. Question to being awakened every night at 11 o'clock is that it creates a habit. Drink nothing after 4 p. m. in Cincinnati is said to prevent. Physicists use medicine, hypnosis or electricity. Many cases of the bladder have good results in some cases. Baths and exercise of weakly children. Sleep on side, even if it is around the waist. Use a towel with a knot in the back. Large tomatoes or adonoid growths and worms are said to be the cause of bed-wetting. Dark circles under eyes: Sleep and rest, breathe pure air, eat sufficient plain, nourishing food.

MISS D.—Drinking tea made from olive blossoms brought a drug store a case of eczema. Some have found rubbing on crude petroleum daily helped. A paste of oatmeal (not corn meal) rubbed in at night and washed off in the morning cured a veteran. This has proved successful when bought remedies failed: One tablespoon each of starch, borax and fresh lard mixed to a stiff paste. Don't wash, scrub, or spread them. Another remedy: Mix olive oil and lemon juice in equal parts, thoroughly and pour on affected parts. Cover with cotton batting and pour some of the mixture on a cotton-wool pad. Soak through. Don't remove cotton, but pour mixture on three or four times a day, as long as itching continues. Don't scratch. Omit all flesh food.

LAW POINTS.

AUTUMN.—We know of no law which will apply in your case.

CEBRIC.—No State requires less than 6 months' divorce residence.

R. T.—Waiting a reasonable time may hold in your case, but it depends upon conditions of contract.

ANXIETY.—If no one is required to get on or off, no car is required by law to stop on near side.

RUSSELL.—Records may be had against "X" if the case should be put into hands of an attorney for adjustment without delay.

R.—Real estate license does not give right to act as an insurance broker, which latter must be obtained from Insurance Department of Missouri.

WORRIED.—If your father is assuming no control of your earnings, they belong to you, although a minor, and his creditors have no claim thereto.

DAUGHTER.—Write to the Prosecuting Attorney of the county in Illinois in which reside the sons who will not support their aged parents, giving him all the facts.

P. C.—The section to which you refer, applies to her giving someone a power of attorney to sign her name as attorney in fact, releasing her rights in husband's realty. To sign your realty, wife's signature is necessary to bar her down, which she has in any realty you acquire.

S. U. B.—In general, the guardian in Missouri performs the duties of guardian of the person and guardian of the estate, called curator; but in some cases these offices are performed by different persons. As in the case of minors, one may be guardian of the person, the other curator.

A. B.—Cost of recording a deed of trust depends upon the number of acknowledged persons, etc. The several municipalities within the city of St. Louis, from \$1 to \$10, but some run considerably above the latter. With the releasing of the deed, the cost of recording is what is necessary; it may be 10 cents, 15 cents, or if by deed of release, \$1 or more.

B. L. T.—In answer to yours of 1915, in the place of "creditors," the name should have been "debtor," the name of the person who is to be released, or mortgagor. If the friend is willing to sign the release on my behalf, he can do so; the same is an everyday occurrence. In such case there is no need of a release being recorded. If the debt being satisfied in full, come in either case fall to mortgagor. The section as to liability for failure to release is No. 284, R. S. 1909.

SUBSCRIBER.—As to real estate names of husband and wife, neither could, while the other is living, pass title to much by will. The survivor of the entire title and such survivor can then dispose of it by such an instrument. Failure to place a state of mind would not affect its validity, but would personally subject the survivor named therein to suit for damages as provided by the Federal war tax stamp act. In a transaction such as you mention, the ruling at one time was that the instrument should bear stamp, whether the tax had been changed or not. This information may be obtained at Internal Revenue Department, Custom House.

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. W. W.—Try phoning Sewer Department, city hall phone.

F. H.—Strong vinegar kills mice. Fine comb taken them out; or pick up with fingers.

W. W. W.—Scenario writing has been repeatedly advised in this column. See this office.

F. A. B.—Scholastic German paper, Vorwärts; American, Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kan.

H. R. L.—First degree murder is Virginia is punished by electrocution or life imprisonment.

G. B. H.—We are not sure that the Illinois River by any body.

GREENEDOR.—Said to start with a crooked crooked crooked crooked (tro) sweet oil of almonds. Mix any oil in skin finally twice a day, and too irritating, double the quantity of sweet almond oil. Poisonous.

J. H. A.—If a mine can be worked for 20 years before being exhausted, at a profit of \$1 per ton, on \$100 tons are annually, the present value of the mine, counting money at a 5 per cent per annum, would be \$1,000.—C. L. Delbridge.

H. A. B.—B. R. writes that the German word for monkey wrench is "Schlüsselwrench." Edgar Kennen writes that it is "Schlüsselwrench" in German. Both words mean "key."

"Monkey" is not his name at all, but "monkey." Charles Monkey, the inventor of it, sold his patent for \$100,000 and invested the money in a house in Williamsburg, King County, Va.

Where was he living in Williamsburg? The monkey wrench takes its name from its inventor, a German named "Afro," which, translated, is ape or monkey, and was at first known as an "Afro wrench" or "ape wrench."

There is no word wrench in the German language; a straight or "G" wrench was known among Germans as a "Schlüsselwrench." Literally a "key wrench," which mechanism, when it was first introduced in England, knowing that it was a monkey by another name, called it the new tool.

A nut key in Germany was not a wrench in England. All American manufacturers call these tools "nut keys," a proper name for them. The "G" wrench, which is a monkey wrench with serrated jaw, is always known only as a "nut wrench." Common use has made the monkeymakers a "larvie" and both of their names from their invention.

HOM

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their names from

Dreaming True

The story of a girl who had things to turn out just as she had optimistically believed they would.

By Kenneth Burgoyne.

A MELLOW, mirthful laugh rang through the old-fashioned kitchen of the Gordon farm house, and Aunt Selma adjusted her spectacles and surveyed, the author of the merriment inquisitively. "What now, Milly?" she asked in her gentle, pleasant way.

"Pretty near the bottom of the flour barrel, auntie!" replied Milly. "I jolly over!" chided Mrs. Gordon in a reproachful tone.

"Well, not exactly, auntie," replied Milly in pretty penitence, "only I fell thinking in my fanciful dreaming way. I had just been reading a story of a family like us that got poorer and poorer, until the flour barrel was really empty and they were nearly starving. Then along came a rich prince."

"And you think that is something to jolly over?" chided Mrs. Gordon in a reproachful tone.

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Pumping 'Em Up



girl who accepted him on faith how he was until after the wedding. Then he took her to his princely home in the city—and Uncle Zeb and Aunt Selma along with her.

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman.)

Tim and the Bee

Sandman story of the boy who could understand the language animals and insects spoke.

By Mrs. F. A. Walker.

TIM was thin, pale and ugly. His tiny face looked blue and pinched for want of food, for poor Tim was an orphan who lived with a big family. The farmer made him rise at dawn and work till late, so the lad's life was a sad one.

Now, in the family of the farmer was a son called Ramo, a very bad boy, who did all he could to make life hard for the poor orphan lad.

One hot morning Tim was sent to the woods to find a lost cow. As the sun rose higher and higher the lad grew warm and tired, so at last he lay down to rest by the side of a pretty spring which bubbled out from a mossy bank.

It was cold. The big tree overhead kept out the sun and the trickle of the stream sounded like the whispering of fairies.

As he was thirsty he knelt and took a deep drink, which seemed to be deliciously cool and sweet. Then, as he lay back on the moss again, he seemed to hear a strange buzzing, as if the world were full of voices.

Just above his head was a bee, a tiny golden fellow, with purple wings and it seemed to him that he could hear the little thing singing a song.

If you should stray on May the first To the Fairy Spring to quench your thirst, What the trees, the bees and the flowers say, You'll understand if you drink that day.

"I O I have drunk the magic water," exclaimed Tim, laughing. "But that is jolly fun. I can know what the swallows are saying when they sail about twittering and what the roses whisper when they bend their heads in the breeze."

"Punny, isn't it?" said the golden bee, lighting on the boy's hand. "Lots of fun to know what our animal folks are saying."

"Yes," replied Tim. "I like it fine. You seem a jolly fellow and are my first acquaintance, so I hope you will keep me company in the future."

"I certainly will," answered the bee, saying, "It will be as much pleasure to me as it will be to you."

He said no more, but he was not long in finding out it was unnecessary. "Haakall rallied quickly and soon was about again, but he was broken. He had not quite recovered from the effects of his accident, when the loss of his fortune stunned him."

"I had a long talk with Mr. Larkin," he told me. "But Haakall would not reach, would he believe but that he could pull through."

Of course the papers were full of the big failure, and of his expressed determination to pay ever dollar he owed. His business integrity had never been questioned. Fortunately he was able, by making enormous sacrifices—to pay every claim against him, but he had nothing left.

"You will soon make another fortune," I encouraged him, yet not with any real feeling that he would do so.

"No, Katherine, not at my age," then—"I am not well," he added, and I made no reply. I knew what was on his mind. He feared another stroke.

(To Be Continued.)

The Woman Who Dared

A Married Life Serial of Utmost Interest.

By Dale Drummond.

Chapter XXXIX.
AM becoming quite the fashion," I remarked to Haakall.

"Really, I am, Haakall. I wish you felt differently about my business," I continued.

Mrs. Larkin had from the beginning said she loved the little boy who held so close a place in my affections. She never came to see me that she did not bring him something. She knew my fear of losing him, now that Haakall was back again, and said:

"If I were you, Katherine, I should let Mr. Burroughs see little Jack occasionally. He knows he is in the house, and I feel sure his coming ways would win him a warm welcome."

"I'm going to run over to Aunt Ward's," she announced.

"It's a pretty hard climb over the range for a not say like this," suggested Mrs. Gordon.

"Oh, I don't mind that," chirped Milly. "And I've had rare luck with the baking."

A Dog Startles Milly.
JUST as Milly started to run across the yard she paused in startled wonder. Coming through the open doorway, limping, blood stained, spraying from side to side, was a dog. The animal seemed to have fallen or had been battered by a rock landslide up in the range. He ran to the pump and looked the empty water pail looking impudently into the face of Milly.

"You poor sufferer!" cried the sympathetic girl, and she filed the pail and placed it before the animal, who drank thirstily. Then she took a cookie from her bundle which he snapped greedily.

"You just rest here until I get back," said Milly. "And I'll see if there is any cold meat for you."

But the animal, ravished, ran about her in a circle. It would lift its head and utter a loud howling, baying sound. Then, regarding her beseechingly, the animal started in front of her, frequently looking back to observe if Milly was following.

To the intelligent Milly all this meant something. She decided from the appearance of the dog that he had fallen somewhere, perhaps into a pit. In trying to escape he had grazed sharp-pointed rocks or he had fallen upon him. Was it possible that the animal had a human companion, who, too, had been hurt from her bundle which he snapped greedily.

The injured tourist.
At least so Milly reasoned, and when, half way across the range, the animal paused at a spot with which Milly was entirely familiar, she guessed out the situation in a flash.

"Someone has fallen into the cavern pit!" she exclaimed.

Milly quickly descended a slant 30 feet away. Further progress brought her up against a vine-clad wall of solid rock. The rushed aside a great curtain of ivy, and she was in the cave surface. Through this Milly crept, followed by the dog.

She experienced a vivid shock as she

Haakall looked up at me so quickly, sharply, rather I should say, that I puzzled him. But when he answered calmly: "I do not see that he resembles anyone we know." I forgot the incident until later.

My business had outgrown the small quarters in which I started, so I was looking about for another place. Mr. Larkin gave me the benefit of his advice, and once Haakall objected to a shop I spoke of hiring on account of the location. I was as pleased as a child that he took enough interest even to object to something connected with my affairs, and immediately agreed with him.

Then, too, strange as it may seem in view of the attitude Haakall had at first taken as regarded the boy, he was now a link between us.

Haakall noticed him but seldom, but I could see he was beginning to care for the child. Occasionally he would bring him some little toy, and once when I again came in unexpectedly I found him on all fours, the boy perched on his back and both laughing hilariously.

Chapter XL.
This time Eric Luskow had been constantly in my thoughts, my love for him the most vital thing in my life. I was thankful for his busy days, for the care of little Jack, because it gave me little time to think of him. I often wondered if I should be able to go on—to endure my life without him.

Haakall still worried. Once I said to him: "I'm a business woman, now, Haakall. I'm broader, will better understand. Won't you tell me what is worrying you?"

"Don't bother me," he answered as he left the house.

They telephoned me in the middle of the afternoon. Haakall had been taken sick at his office. It was some sort of a stroke. They were taking him home. I rushed out, arriving at the house before he died.

They carried him upstairs. I followed. We made him comfortable, then the doctor left us. Mrs. Clark would care for him, so we needed no nurses.

"It's all over, Katherine. I'm a pauper," he said, in a whisper, his poor, twisted mouth quivering. The stroke had affected the muscles of his face.

"Not so bad as that!" Mr. Larkin answered cheerfully. He had been in Haakall's office when he collapsed, and had insisted upon coming home with him.

"I've no objections, but it will mean more work and care for you."

I could scarcely believe I had heard rightly. Could this be Haakall? He had spoken very gently for him, and the tears came to my eyes.

"The Link Between Us."
I decided that Mrs. Clark should remain to look after the boy, and also to take the place of the housekeeper, who had given notice that she would not remain if there was to be a child in the house.

"Jack reminds me so instantly of someone, and I do not think it is his mother," I said to Haakall. "He doesn't resemble her either in features or coloring."

Shooting Folly as It Flies

Nursery Rhymes "To Know All Is to Forgive All." By H. M. Williams.

On Parole.

THE Sheriff is not in his place. To cry "Oyes!" with solemn face. But Judge and clerk today are present. And both are looking brisk and pleasant.

No sign of friction or of fear Is in the courtroom atmosphere. For penitents in long array Stand ready each to have his day.

AND most are clean and spick and span. Parole has made each feel a man: White, brown or black, or stained with sin. But all the self-same hue within.

Stunted in growth, they show the sting Of poverty's hard mothering; And some that stand in line today For coming, lose a half-day's pay.

ALL on parole, in line they wait. To pass the Judge's wicket-gate: Each his month's record white will show And then, relieved, away will go.

To keep, we trust, his full parole. And find, with joy, a waking soul. Since Law, restrained by Mercy sweet, Lights with her lamp his faltering feet.

UNCRITICAL the Judge will be. They're on parole, and so is he: His conscience, which his own faults stain, Has made him sympathize with these.

So, though they may be prevaricate, He'll let them through the wicket-gate. He'll let them through the wicket-gate. He'll let them through the wicket-gate.

Beefsteak Pudding.
ONE quart of flour, a pinch of salt, piece of suet size of an egg, chopped very fine and rolled in flour, enough water to make a soft dough. Fill a deep pudding dish with dough the thickness of pie crust; have two pounds of meat cut in small pieces, put a layer of meat in pudding dish, one small onion, whole, sprinkling with flour, onion and meat, a little salt and pepper and so on until the dish is full, only using one onion.

Roll out enough dough to cover top of pudding dish. The last thing before putting on top crust add one cup of cold water; when crust is on tie a napkin over top of pudding, tie down with a string. Cook three hours; when boiled take off and set in a warm place. When ready to serve cut hole in top and add one cup boiling water. If full of gravy wait until you have served one more, then add hot water.

More Germany Efficiency.
THE automobile has been found to be one of the most important features of war operations that the German Government has undertaken to increase the efficiency of the motor car by keeping the roads free of glass. Drastic orders have been issued on this subject, and the school children in all parts of the country have been instructed to look carefully over the roadways which they have to pass, and to pick up every bit of broken glass or sharp piece of metal which might be injurious to automobiles.

Persons who are seen to drop glass or bottles on the highways are subjected to severe reprimand on the first occasion and to a fine on the second.

Preserving Milk Powder.
A METHOD has lately appeared in Europe for preserving various food or other products, and especially milk powder, the idea being based upon placing the substance in a sealed vessel or packing case with inert gas, so that this latter prevents the usual spoiling of contents by the action of the air.

In the French patented process the milk powder is packed in metal boxes of convenient size, which are left open, directly except for a pinhole that is left at the top. A number of such boxes are put in a chamber, and the air is exhausted by means of an air pump. When this operation is finished valves are opened which allow nitrogen to enter the chamber and fill up the chamber boxes. Then opening up the chamber, the boxes are quickly removed and the pinhole soldered before an appreciable amount of air has time to enter. In this way the contents of the boxes are kept in an atmosphere of inert gas, and the process is practical from an industrial standpoint.

Windy Islands.
NOWHERE else does the wind blow so hard and steadily as in the Falkland Islands. Tree growth is practically impossible owing to the peculiarity, and with such force does the wind sweep that region at times that potatoes and turnips have been blown out of the ground. Grass, however, grows luxuriantly.

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SAYINGS OF MRS. SOLOMON

TRANSLATED BY HELEN ROWLAND

THE Wall of a Widow, which is Mrs. Solomon's: "Alas, alas!" saith the Widow, "feed me with flattery and stay me with pleasant tales, for I am out of tune."

"Yes, my DAY is done, and I can no longer deceive myself. For the DEBUTANTE hath arisen and cast me down from my pedestal."

"Verily, I am no longer 'IT.'"

"Lo, once damsel fled before me and men followed after me, and I was known in the Land for my Fascinations. My erose veil glorified me as a halo, my wedding ring was the insignia of my prowess."

"My Wisdom and mine Experience, they were my Invisible Charm."

"Behold! she is caviar to the young and champagne to the elderly."

"A las the bread-and-butter maiden! For a WIDOW can be witty without giggling and entertaining without gushing. She 'understandeth MEN.' Yes, she is an 'Eternal Mystery.' She is the Spice of Life!"

"But, behold, it hath come to pass that the Debutante hath arisen and seeketh to Beat Me at Mine Own Game."

"Lo, she knoweth it ALL, and there is nothing concerning men whereof she is not 'WISE.'"

"She can give her mother 'pointers,' and her grandmother is as a simple Babe beside her."

"She hath the youth of the 'Chicken' and the knowledge of the Sen-
the, the sleekness of Sixteen, and the Experience of Thirty-six."

"She sitteth not back in a dim corner, and blushing is unknown to her."

"She telleth all the latest jokes; she chattereth of the newest scandal. She dissemeth the problem play; she readeth the spy magazine."

"She hath forgotten HOW to giggle."

"She painteth her face as with house paint, and her hair is gilded with much fine gold. Her kisses are composed of lip rouge and patchwork."

"She is SO obvious."

"She puffeth a cigarette with the sangfroid of a college boy; she dis-
playeth her ankles and is proud OF IT."

"Her frocks are lower than her ideals. She maketh me to look like a PRUDE."

"Go! If a WIDOW is as champagne, the Debutante is of a 'vintage'—yes, she is headier than a posse case."

"Lo, I shall sit at her feet and learn of her, for I am but a simple Thing beside her. And what do my widow's weeds profit me, save to advertise me as a 'Jas Bean'?"

"Verily, verily, I will return unto my Kindergarten and leave the Wise Fields to the Debutante."

"For WHAT chance hath an innocent, unsophisticated Widow beside one of these?"

How Men's Clothes Began

Collars and Ties.

NECKTIES stand out like a monu-
ment guarding one of the few re-
maining liberties of man. As far
as the other things he wears so he is
bound hand and foot by unending rules
of color and cut, but in his cravats he
can indulge a secret craving for rain-
bow effects. Not all of us might choose
a neat combination in pink and green,
but it is a matter of taste to wear the kind
he may do so; there is nothing that can
prevent him.

As to collars, they're quite up-to-date
and haven't been in our busy mind
much more than 50 years. "Plain" col-
lars were their old name, and they're de-
scended, as they say, from the "plain
bands" the Puritans wore.

The Jarr Family

Written for the Post-Dispatch
By Roy L. McCordell

The Dapple Grays Are Hitched to the Hearse and Mr. Jarr Rides With Mr. Berry.

Mr. Jarr, the undertaker, stood before the dapple grays he contemplated purchasing from Raftery, the contractor, in that part of the city where his genteel clientele had been for so many years established.

Mr. Raftery would not consent to this. "You think I'm going to ship these horses all over the United States for a tryout?" he growled. "I told you I wasn't anxious to sell them. Pretty soon a quart of gasoline will cost more than a bale of hay, or two bushels of oats. Everybody will go back to work. I'll have to keep on selling at a still, still, still. I don't need to worry about them dapple grays staying on my hands. If you want to try them out, try them out in this neighborhood."

Mr. Jarr, who was to get a commission in stock of Mr. Berry's projected mausoleum company—but intending to insist on part cash—agreed with Raftery. Why should he go to any other part of the city to assist at the tryout?

It was Mr. Jarr's rat transaction on commission basis. A transaction over a pair of dapple gray horses between a speculative builder and an astute undertaker. It was the first commission he had ever received. The commission, alas! was only to be in the stock of a mausoleum company, the mausoleums of which had not yet been constructed—perhaps had not even been planned.

So Mr. Jarr, as he expressed it, "stuck around."

Mr. Berry was on hand at Raftery's stables at the time appointed, personally driving a utility team attached to his new black hearse.

"A panacea for the keenest emotions of the bereaved," remarked Mr. Berry as he rubbed his hands and gazed proudly at the new hearse. "Every surviving relative and friend will glow with conscious pride when they view a vehicle of such refined and pleasing lines. All hand-carved and veneered, double-thick plate glass, and the rails and mountings quadruple silver plated and the rollers all noiseless ball-bearing! Hat! A panacea—a panacea indeed! Do you not think so, Mr. Jarr? Were you conscious of the fact, would not your immortal consciousness glow with pride that such a vehicle conveyed you to that bourne from which no traveler—I should say occupant—ever returns?"

Mr. Jarr gazed upon the outfit and remarked that while it was a fine dandy he was not dying to ride in it and would not brag about it if he ever did ride in it.

"Watcha bring that around for?" growled the saturnine Raftery.

"My dear sir," said Mr. Berry. "I wanted a tryout of the dapple grays with the vehicle they shall be employed to haul—if we can come to terms."

Mr. Jarr winced, for the phrasing of this remark led him to believe that it was Mr. Berry's will concealed within to consign Mr. Raftery into accepting stock in the projected mausoleum company for the dapple grays.

The dapple grays in question were hitched to the vehicle. "And now," said

MUTT and JEFF—Jeff Is Assigned to Observation Duty!

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By Bud Fisher



S'MATTER POP?

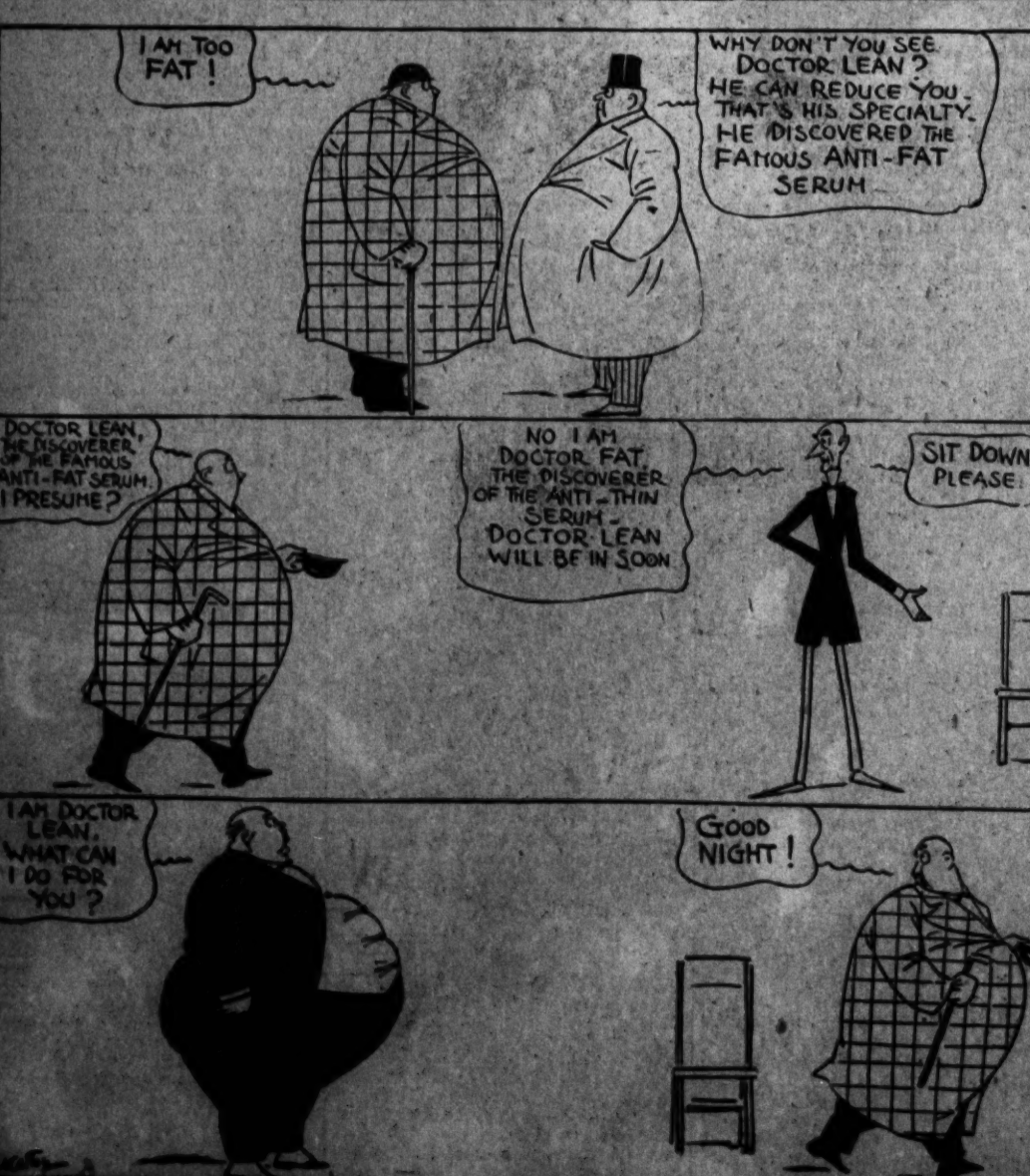
—And Then Keep 'Em On for Two Terms!

Drawn for the Post-Dispatch
By C. M. PAYNE



Can You Beat It?

Drawn for the Post-Dispatch
By MAURICE KETTER



Don't Ever Let Anyone Tell You This as a New One

MANY Christmas trees in the market this year?

"I should say. They had 'em to burn."

Clever Amateurs.

DOZENS of old graduates were back and they talked a lot about themselves and a lot more about others not so fortunate as to attend.

"Most of our old crowd are married and happy," said one.

"Married, anyhow," said another, with the grin that always accompanies this silly joke.

"I accept the amendment," returned the first speaker, "but chiefly on account of poor Billy Tompkins. He had an unfortunate marital experience."

"We hadn't heard of it and begged for particulars."

"Why, the girl he married turned out to be a professional pickpocket."

"The man who had first spoken sighed, but Mr. Jones chuckled."

"Well," he observed, "I guess the rest of us drew some pretty clever amateurs."

Rather Dangerous.

A VISITOR was being shown over a big cotton mill by the proprietor, who proudly displayed some of the fabrics produced. Holding up a piece of printed calico, he said:

"Our latest pattern. Excellent material, isn't it?"

"It's all right," said the visitor, "but you can't hold a candle to the goods we turn out in my works!"

"Same line," asked the host, somewhat offended.

"No," replied the other; "ours is gunpowder."

Then They Backed Out

ONE afternoon, just as a clergyman was about to enter the pulpit to conduct the service, a couple from a nearby town asked to be married as quickly as possible.

The clergyman replied that immediately upon the conclusion of the service he would comply.

So, after some demurring, the couple seated themselves in the rear of the church. When the minister had finished he cleared his throat and made the following announcement:

"The parties who are to be joined in matrimony will present themselves at the church immediately after the singing of Hymn 420, 'Mistaken Souls That Dream of Heaven.'"

His Obligations.

AS a pleasant-faced woman passed the corner Jones touched his hat to her and remarked feelingly to his companion:

"Ah, my boy, I owe a great deal to that woman."

"Your mother?" was the query.

"No, my landlady."

Born That Way.

SOME men are so suspicious," said Uncle Eben, "that if a fairy was to come along and offer to grant 'em three wishes, dey'd have de fairy arrested for hair a swindler."

Washington Star.

Why Is It?

WHY is it that a facetious remark made about a gas bill always seems so much funnier than the same sort of remark made about an electric light bill?

High Cost Cause.

HOW much does that stylish doctor of yours charge?

"Ten dollars a visit."

"Gee! How often has he called at your house?"

"Twenty times."

"Gosh! You owe him \$200 then?"

"Nepes; only \$10. He's made the other 19 calls trying to collect it."

Cleveland Leader.

Jail Deliverer.

WARDEN: What did that woman give the prisoner?

"Turnkey: Only a pie she baked for him herself."

Warden: Good heavens! Get it away from him quick before he makes a meal of the trust and escapes.—Boston Transcript.

A Sherlock.

GREAT DETECTIVE: Ah, I see you have a new cook, my dear?

His Wife: How do you know it?

Great Detective: I noticed the imprint of a strange thumb on my soup plate.

The Boy Understood

AS the stout but haughty looking lady passed sedately along the road, a small boy spoke to her.

"Your bootlace is loose, ma'am," he said shyly. "Shall I tie it again for you?"

Even haughtier women would have found it hard to disdain so kindly an offer, and, with a gracious smile, the lady held her foot forward.

"The little boy pulled the lace tight and then smiled up at her."

"My mother's fat, too," he explained pleasantly.

Maybe So.

MR. GOTHAM—I see the smallest cows in the world are found in the Samoan Islands. The average weight does not exceed 100 pounds. They are about the size of the merino sheep.

Mrs. Gotham—Do you suppose, dear, that is where they get the condensed milk?

Rightly Named.

MRS. NEWEDD: How do you like my cake, dear? It is called marble cake.

Newedd (trying to break a piece): An excellent name for it, certainly.—Boston Transcript.

Fined Anyway

IN a sparsely settled region of Virginia a motor car driver was summoned before a local magistrate upon the complaint of a Constable. The magistrate, a good-natured man, was somewhat, however, certain that the Washingtonian's car had been driven too fast, and the owner stoutly insisted that he had been progressing at the rate of only six miles an hour.

"Why, your honor," he said, "my time was out of order, and I was going very slowly because I was afraid I would break down completely. I give you my word, sir, you could have watched as fast as I was running."

"Well," said the magistrate, after reflection, "you don't appear to have been exceeding the speed limit, but at the same time you must have been guilty of something or you wouldn't be here. I fine you \$10 for loitering."

Very Simple.

THOSE twin boys of yours are so much alike that I don't see how you can tell them apart."

"That's easy enough. When they're on their good behavior they answer in their own names, and when they're in mischief each one answers to the name of the other."

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